

# The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. I.

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## Topics of the Times.

A MISTAKE OF THE PRESS.—We frequently see in our Protestant contemporaries, articles in which much is made of the old Catholic movement in Germany. We are told that this movement, under the lead of Dr. Dollinger, Pere Hyacinthe, and the Abbe Michaud, threatens to be the greatest blow struck at the life of the Church in Germany since the Reformation. Now the truth is, that this Catholic movement, if left to itself and unaided by Government, is hardly worth notice. In all Europe the orthodoxy of but one bishop is questioned, and the number of priests who belong to this movement is precisely *twenty-nine*, and several of these were suspended long before the definition of the Vatican Council gave them the long-desired opportunity of attracting to themselves Protestant attention, and of surrounding their fall from grace with some sort of *cælum*.

*Stupeate gentes!* even the *Boston Daily Advertiser* has leaders on the ruin that the old Catholic movement threatens to bring on the Church of Rome!!!

We are amazed that our Protestant contemporaries, many of them so ably edited, will fall into such lamentable and (shall we say it) disgraceful mistakes.

THE OBLATE FATHERS.—The Oblate Fathers, who recently gave a most successful mission at St. John's Church, East Cambridge, Mass., have, besides the Vicariate of Texas, three houses in the United States, viz.: at Buffalo and Plattsburg, N. Y., and at Lowell, Mass. In Canada there are nine houses. The residence of the Provincial is at Montreal, and the Novitiate of the American Province is at Lachine, nine miles from the same city. During the past year the house of Lowell has given nine missions or retreats in the diocese of Boston, seven in that of Albany, four in Hartford diocese, and three in the diocese of Portland—in all, twenty-three missions or retreats.

The mission of East Cambridge closed on Thursday morning of last week. It was very well attended. The exact number of communicants was 4,500, and even Protestants were received into the Church.

CATHOLIC ARCHIVES.—The Fathers of the Franciscan Order, in New York City, deserve great praise for the way in which Gaelic and Catholic manuscripts have been preserved by them. Some time ago a member of their community went with a petition, signed by the Irish Provincial and several gentlemen, to the Minister-General of the Order, praying him to allow the removal of those remains of ancient Irish Catholic literature to the Convent of Merchants' Quay, Dublin. Permission was given to have them removed as requested, together with some exceedingly rare books relating to Ireland. This will prove a great acquisition to Catholic literature; and to the good Franciscans of New York redounds all the credit of having those ancient archives removed to the place where they properly belong. The Minister-General, in transmitting the manuscripts to the Dublin convent, has accompanied them with a stringent order relative to their safe custody.

GROWTH OF CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.—The English correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* writes: I have written of the rapid growth of the Roman Catholic Church in England—so alarming to many Protestants, while others looked upon it as one of the signs of the last days. Here is an example: A woman died a few days ago in Manchester, who came to that town when it contained one priest and eight Catholics. Her family increased the number to seventeen. Manchester has now a bishop, a dozen or more churches, and a Catholic population of one hundred thousand. It is much the same in most of the large towns in England. England has now a Catholic Missionary College, and it is sending some missionaries to America, and to what is here imagined to be its most benighted population, the negroes. They begin in Maryland, but have strong hopes of being able to convert the entire colored race, as the negroes are supposed to have the docility of disposition and love of ceremonial and ritual which

adapts them to Catholic usages. It may be so, but I have been led to believe that they were rather more inclined to the demonstrative, not to say noisy, services of certain Protestant denominations. The Episcopalians never did much with the negroes in the South. Perhaps they were too Low Church. Ritualists may be more successful.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.—The New York *Tablet*, in a recent issue, speaking editorially on the importance of the Catholic Press, says that, "next to the clergy and hierarchy of the Church, Catholic editors are deserving of the respect and consideration of the people for whose spiritual and temporal well-being, and for the highest and holiest interests of society, they labor unceasingly and devotedly. No golden harvest is ours, respected friends, no rich earthly reward, no marble palaces fall to our lot, or lordly mansions, as the recompense of prostituted talents and perverted principles; little worldly wealth can any of us boast, at most a bare competence, yet who amongst us would covet wealth or honors at the price we see journalists all around us paying for them?

"Our mission is a high and holy one. If we are only faithful to the obligations it imposes on us, we may do much good in our own sphere, and render effective aid to the shepherds of the flock in their arduous efforts to resist the encroachments of error and corruption. In our ranks are many of the first minds of the age in every country, strengthening our cause mightily, and wielding, in defense of religion and morality, of law and order, and of true liberty, pens which are indeed mightier than the sword. Fighting our peaceful battles under the eyes, and with the blessing of our beloved Pontiff, the common Father of the Faithful, our cause is his and his Divine Master's, and the victory, how long soever delayed, will come to him and to us. Reviled, ridiculed, scoffed at, we may be; but if the heroic band of workers in the glorious field of Catholic journalism will only act with one accord and be animated with one heart, with one sole object of promoting religion and virtue, and so helping to save society from the ruin to which it is hastening, success will ultimately crown our efforts. We of the present may not see it, but others, our brethren of the future, will. In this assurance we all of us rest."

CATHOLIC AFFAIRS IN AUSTRIA.—In all the rural districts of Moravia, Higher Austria, and Vorarlberg, the elections have resulted in favor of the Catholic or Federalist Party. This is accounted for, says the Jewish *Fremdenblatt*, by the influence exercised by the clergy over the peasantry. Meanwhile, the anti-Catholic organs daily urge the Government to take energetic measures against the clergy and the Ultramontanes, who scruple not to abuse the pulpit and the confessional, and whose fanaticism threatens to overthrow the peace of the state of the Empire. In other words, if any decree of Justice be granted to the Catholic Federal party, the liberal German constitutionalists, Jews, and Infidels, of Austria will provoke a civil war, probably relying on the help of Russia. Their audacity has already been of service to them, for it is understood that soon after reassembling of the Reichsrath, a bill against the clerics will be submitted for discussion, after which a dissolution is to take place, to be followed by fresh elections.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—A meeting of the shareholders of the Suez Canal was held in Paris on Tuesday last. President Lesseps made a report, in which he stated that the Direction of the company has no intention of selling the canal to any government; that the traffic over the canal is largely increasing, and that the receipts during the months of January and February, of the present year, amounted to \$515,400.

LEGISLATION AGAINST THE INTERNATIONALS.—PARIS, March 13.—During the session of the Legislative Assembly at Versailles, to-day, Minister Dufaure made a powerful speech in support of the bill for the penalties against the International Society, which, he declared, "was a standing menace to European society."

M. Jules Favre opposed the bill.

At the close of the debate, the first clause, making it a criminal offense to belong to the society, was adopted by a vote of 501 to 104.

PARIS, March 14.—The Deputies of the Left in the Assembly unanimously resolved to repudiate

the International Society. The bill for the suppression of the organization passed the Assembly to-day, without amendment. It imposes various fines and terms of imprisonment for holding office in, belonging to, or having connection with the society, and in some cases deprives the offender of civil and domestic rights.

ITALY.—THE POPE REMAINS IN ROME.—Can it be possible that his Holiness is going to prove so inconsiderate as to upset all of our Cableman's little plans? It would appear so, indeed, from the following despatch, sent, no doubt, with much reluctance, by that same Cable-man:

ROME, March 13.—His Holiness, the Pope, has finally decided to remain in Rome, and has directed that information of his decision be communicated to President Thiers.

The *Saturday Review* says that the shops are not open in all Roman Catholic countries on Sunday: "Rome, under the Papal government, presented all the appearance of London on a Sunday; at Munich the shops are closed except for an hour or two, when hardly any one enters them, while they are open at Berlin; and so, again, they are closed in the Catholic town of Lucerne, while at the Protestant Interlachen they seem to drive a roaring trade on that day."

THE SURRENDER OF METZ.—PARIS, March 12.—The delegation from Metz who have been in attendance on the Commission on Military Capitulations, in a letter to the *Republique Francaise*, announce that the Commission has concluded taking testimony in regard to the surrender of Metz, and that the evidence is strongly against Marshal Bazaine.

DEATH OF GIUSEPPI MAZZINI.—The cable telegraph announces the death, at Pisa, Italy, of Joseph Mazzini, one of the worst men that have lived in this century. He was sixty-three or sixty-four years old, born in Genoa, in 1808 or '9, and had a father who took no care of his early religious training.

Men marvel, sometimes, at seeing what weak instruments God makes use of for the accomplishment of great works. It is disheartening to really able servants of the devil to see that they, without the virtue of humility, are so often subjected to the same humiliations as the good are—in being forced to serve very stupid masters! Mazzini was one of them. Now that his career is finished, it displays an indomitable will, an intense self-conceit, and a very low and dishonorable cunning. But he has done nothing that a very stupid man, with these qualities, could not have achieved. He was worthless, treacherous and malicious. Associates of his—Revolutionists of the most outrageous kind—such as liked Garibaldi and Ledru Rollin—have told us that Mazzini was a very repulsive man, whose confidences excited detestation of his character. His infamous career is now at an end.—*Freeman's Journal*.

THE WARS OF FRANCE.—France, during the past five centuries, was engaged in 326 years of war, 80 years being spent in civil war and 246 years in foreign war. During that period 174 great battles were fought. The record of these five centuries shows that in the fourteenth century there were 43 years of war, or 5 of civil war and 38 years of foreign war. In the fifteenth century there were 71 years of war, or 18 years of civil war, and 53 years of foreign war. In the sixteenth century there were 85 years of war, or 33 of civil war, and 52 years of foreign war. In the seventeenth century there were 69 years of war, or 17 of civil war, and 52 of foreign war; and in the eighteenth century there were 58 years of war, or 7 years of civil war, and 51 of foreign war.

SCHOOL FINANCES.—The following paragraph appeared in a recent number of the *Alta*. Comment is needless. It is a TOPIC OF THE TIMES, worthy of note.

EDITORS ALTA:—Your observations this morning, touching the proposal to issue bonds for school purposes, was timely. But are you and the public aware that barely two years ago the Legislature gave the Board of Education \$300,000 in bonds, and added 10 cents on each \$100 in the way of taxes for school purposes, so that the Board have realized from this latter source, in two years, \$200,000. And yet, in less than two years, all of this money has been spent in addition to the regular tax of 35 cents per \$100, and about \$100,000 yearly from the State, and the Department will be, at the close of the present fiscal year—30th June next—\$100,000 in debt!"

LATEST ROMAN NEWS.—The Holy Father has made the following provision of Prelates, for Metropolitan and Cathedral Churches:—Archbishoprics: Mohilew, Syracuse, Lanciano. Bishoprics: Assisi, Sarsina, Sessa, Andria, Lucera, Isernia and Venatre, Acerra, Policastro, Conversano, Foglia, Girenti, Piazza, Caltagirone, Noto, Susa, Borgo San Sepolcro, Cortone, Montalcino, Parma, Seyna (or Augustown), Tiraspol, Amata, Helinopolis, Satala, and Lidda, *in partibus*. The following appointments were also made by Brief, to Propaganda:

### BISHOPS.

Cleveland, U. S. A., Right Rev. R. Gilmour; Fort Wayne, U. S. A., Right Rev. J. Dwenger; Ogdensburg, U. S. A., Right Rev. E. Wadhams; Providence, U. S. A., Right Rev. T. Hendricken,

### COADJUTOR BISHOPS,

(All with future succession).

Archdiocese of St. Louis, U. S. A., Right Rev. Patrick Ryan, Bishop of Tricoma, *in partibus*, and Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis; Albany, U. S. A., Right Rev. F. MacNeirney, Bishop of Resina, *in partibus*, and Coadjutor to Right Rev. Bishop Connolly, of Albany; Ossory, Ireland, Rev. P. Moran, Bishop of Olba, *in partibus*, and Coadjutor to Right Rev. Bishop Walsh, of Ossory; Cochin-China, the Rev. Isidore Colomber, Bishop of Samosata, *in partibus*, and Coadjutor to Mgr. J. C. Miche, Bishop of Dansara, *in partibus*, Vicar-Apostolic of Western Cochin-China.

Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia has arrived at Rome, and has visited the Vatican, where he had an audience of more than half-an-hour with the Pope. He is said to have departed with strong emotion manifest on his features. The Holy Father has also received, amongst other persons of distinction, the Prince and Princess d'Arenburg, the Russian Grand Duchess Helena, and the Princesses Kotchoubey and Wolowsky. Prince Jerome Napoleon is said to be in Rome; other accounts assert that he has gone to Naples, without setting foot on Roman soil. General Sherman, of the United States, has been a guest at the Quirinal.

The only two papers in Rome which support the King are owned and edited by Hebrews. Jacob Dina is director of the *Opinione*, and Arib conducts the *Liberia*. The latter organ is extremely angry at the Pope's wonderful Allocution of the 18th to the parochial deputations; and says it is due to the Jesuit party, who are continually urging the Pope to sow hatred between the two nations—Italy and France. The Jesuits, adds the Jewish paper, weary out the Pope with their importunities, and keep him in a state of incessant disquietude. All that he has done of late years, the Encyclicals, the Allocutions, nay, the very Council itself, are merely so many efforts which the Pope makes to get relief from the Jesuits. So thinks—or at least says—Victor Emmanuel's paper. The Catholic world owes more to the Jesuits than it was, perhaps, aware of.

The following list of crimes committed within the last few days on priests and religions is taken from the intelligence supplied to us. If not all reported in the Roman papers, the facts are nevertheless perfectly authentic. Near the Porta Pia, three monks were assaulted and maltreated by buzzurri. Several Piedmontese *Carabinieri* looked on, and did not interfere. No steps have, of course, been taken to bring the delinquents to justice. In the street *delle Cinque Lune*, a priest was murdered by a ruffian, who had no motive save that his victim was a priest. Near the Piazza Barberini, a Bishop was attacked and beaten. The other day, twenty-two robbers broke into a monastery, where they found a few poor monks, whom they bound with cords, and left to die of hunger, as they would have done, had not one of them managed to get free, and so liberated the others.—*London Tablet*.

PAPAL EXCOMMUNICATION.—BERLIN, Saturday, March 16, 1872.—The Archbishop of Cologne has formally excommunicated Professors Hilgers, Knodt, Laugen and Rusch, of the University of Bonn, for their rejection of the dogma of Papal Infallibility.

## HOLY WEEK IN THE CITY.

The ceremonies of Holy Week in this city were of a most impressive character. The zeal of the Reverend clergy never shone with purer lustre, and the large attendance of the faithful before the altar of God, attested the happy result of sustained missionary effort. In St. Mary's Cathedral, the Rev. Father Speckles delivered the subjoined sermon on Good Friday night.

## THE PASSION AND DEATH OF OUR LORD.

To-night, my dear friends, the Church calls her children around her altars to meditate upon the Passion and death of our Lord and Saviour. She presents His Passion not as a mere historical fact, not as a mystery of the past, accomplished and passed away forever; but as a living—reality, as a power, a being, a divine agency that really and truly exists for us each present moment of our existence. And this is the true view of the Passion. For us Catholics it is ever an existing fact. We need only gaze around us and it meets us on all sides. We behold it in the adorable sacrament of the altar, where it is mystically continued from the ising to the going down of the sun; in the sacraments, which are so many instruments for applying its life-giving efficacy; in the saints, martyrs, and confessors, the rich fruits of its wondrous power; while the Church, herself, manifests it in every word and action, since it is from this mystery, as from an inexhaustible fountain, she draws all her strength and power. Yes, for us the Passion is a living, existing reality. It surrounds us on all sides like the very air we breathe, and, as Catholics, in it we move, breathe, and have our being. Let us then try to realize this great mystery; dive in its great depths and read there, in its agonies and its sufferings, the infinite love of God for man. But how can we do this? How can the finite grasp the infinite? How, with our weak, limited natures, can we take, grasp in all its length, depth and fulness, the boundless love of the Saviour for his creatures? Oh, never! never! till we stand before His throne and read it in the full blaze of the beatific vision. Humbled, then, by this thought of our own weakness, let us turn to Him, and, with loving and prayerful hearts, beg him to grant the light to reap some grace from our meditation this evening.

In considering the passion of our Saviour, my dear friends, we are apt to fall into an error. We are inclined at times to think that, after all, He did not suffer as much as an ordinary man, because His divinity was there to assist Him in bearing His sufferings or to diminish their intensity. Now the contrary of this is the truth, His divinity was there, it is true, but, far from diminishing his sufferings, it added to them. It enabled His humanity to suffer what unsupported human nature would have sunk under. Nor this only. It also raised Him to new heights of suffering. For it was His divine nature—His divine wisdom that enabled Him to see sin as it really was, to realize it in all its naked, repulsive and disgusting deformity; to measure the full depths of its malice, and to understand fully the infinite anger of the outraged Father. It was His infinite wisdom that pierced the darkness of hell and read in its eternal torments the value of one mortal sin. It was His infinite wisdom that raised before His soul the vision of the multitudes who would be lost, who would reject the graces of His passion, as well as the ingratitude, the almost cruel indifference of the few who would be saved. In short, turn where he would, His divine nature always opened up new channels of suffering to increase the agony of His passion.

But at last the hour is come when He is to offer Himself a victim for man. He enters the garden of olives; leaves His disciples, and, going a little, falls prostrate on the ground and receives from His Father the bitter chalice of His Passion. And how does He suffer? He suffers as a sinner. In that moment He truly and really assumes all the sins of man. He kneels before His Father, loaded with the iniquities of man. Sin arises before Him in its enormity and dire effects. Death, corruption, pride, ignorance, perdition, the infidelities of the Jews, the abominations of the Gentiles, heresies, schisms, scandals, the desecration of His altars, the sacrilegious reception of His sacraments, all rise like a vision before His soul. Yes, the sins of all times, of all nations, and of all places, rush upon Him like a troop of demons, and take possession of His soul.

Nor is it only from the sight of sin He suffers. He also suffers from its terrible effects. He has really and truly assumed sin, and, therefore, He suffers just as the sinner who commits it. What shame, loathing and humiliation fills His soul when He finds Himself inundated with this torrent of iniquity. Who can describe His sufferings. Oh, you who have ever sinned, go back in memory to the hour when you committed your first great, grievous sin. What horror filled your soul; what shame, disgust, torture of conscience, humiliation, seized you as you stood in the presence of your first sin. And so with Jesus. He really suffered

as the sinner himself; and not from one sin, or from thousands, or millions, but from myriads. From the sins of all the ages past and of all the ages to come, He suffered as the representative sinner of the human race. How great, then, His agony! Behold him as he lies prostrate in the garden—crushed to the very earth with shame. He dare not raise His head. His very prayer to His Father, the very form of that prayer tells his overwhelming shame. It is the prayer of doubt, uncertainty. He no longer prays as the innocent, the well-beloved Son, but as the guilty criminal, the trembling sinner: "If it be possible, let this chalice pass from me." "If it be possible!" Ah, it was not thus He prayed of yore to His eternal Father. Then it was with confidence and knowledge, "Father, I know that thou hearest me." But now it is a prayer of doubt, of diffidence. Oh, what shame—what ignominy for the Master of the universe! And yet this is the least of his sufferings. Far above this rises another—the dark, bitter, crying sin of ingratitude. Yes, it is the sin of ingratitude that is the bitterest portion in his chalice of woe. The betrayal of Judas, the denial of Peter, the flight of the Apostles, the cold, cruel indifference of those chosen disciples who cannot watch one hour with Him, who are sleeping even within sight of his very sufferings. Ah, not thus with his enemies; they are active, vigilant, nay, are even now advancing to seize him. His disciples are sleeping; His enemies advancing to seize him! In that betrayal of Judas, in that denial of Peter, in those sleeping Apostles, what a type does He not hold of all his unfaithful followers in the ages to come. Yes, sinners, how often have you, like Judas, betrayed Him? How often have you received Him in Holy Communion, promised Him your fealty and love, only to return afterward to your sins and abominations? How often, when the world raised its cry against Him, His doctrine, and His Church, have you, too, like Peter, hung your head in shame, denied His doctrine—abandoned His cause? How often, when the dark cloud of social persecution arose around you, have you fled from the post of danger, betrayed His interests, and left the few faithful ones struggling in the breach? How often have you slept at your posts, buried in the sleep of sensuality, pride of life, or worldly interest, while His enemies, active, untiring, were conspiring for the overthrow of His Church, or for the seduction of her children? How often, in short, have you, too, been guilty of this dark sin of ingratitude?

Ah, turn, then, to that Garden of Olives. Behold him as he lies prostrate in his agony—alone in his agony. His disciples are sleeping, no one to comfort him—no one to support him. The cold winds of night sweep over his prostrate form, the pure stars of heaven look coldly down, as if all nature refused him sympathy. Alone he struggles in his agony—that agony that forces the very blood through the pores of His skin, till the ground is moist with His sweat of blood. He suffers, and for whom? for what? For us and for our sins! But at last the hour of His betrayal has come. His enemies are approaching to seize Him. Already they are advancing through the garden. He rises and goes to meet them. He receives the kiss of Judas, that kiss that will eternally live in the memory of heaven and of hell. They attempt to seize Him; yet even in that hour, as if to show that He is yet their God, that no power could touch Him did He not so will, He strikes them prostrate at His feet with a single word. But it is "their hour, and the hour of the Prince of Darkness." They seize Him and hurry Him away. Who can follow Him through all the horrors of that terrible day. Behold Him in the halls of judgment, before Caiphas, Pilate and Herod. The Creator judged by His creatures! No, not judged, but mocked, insulted, outraged, and at last struck, yes struck, in His sacred face by a brutal soldier. The Creator of the universe struck by a creature! And now, though declared to be innocent, He is condemned to be scourged. He is hurried away to the pillar and scourged—scourged till His sacred flesh is laid open to the bone, and His blood flows in torrents, scoured with five thousand lashes before their savage fury is glutted, or their strong arms tire. And now they bring the crown of thorns and place it on His brow; with strong, rough hands they press it down, and the great fierce thorns sink in His sacred head till His eyes roll in agony, and every nerve of his being quivers with pain. Then the purple robe of mockery is thrown around Him, the reed is placed in His hand, and, kneeling before Him, they mock Him, hailing Him, "King of the Jews." What a sight for the angels! What a spectacle for man! Even Pilate is moved with compassion, and fain would save Him. Yes, he will show Him to the people, and surely when they see Him thus—torn, bleeding and mangled, they can no longer fear in Him a rival to their scribes and rulers. But all in vain! The "Ecce Homo,"—"Behold the man" is pronounced in vain. They gaze upon Him as He stands there in His agony,

but not a heart is moved; not a soul relents. Oh, what a figure of sinners—of you who will not repent! Yes, to you also does Pilate show Him—to you also does he speak. His voice rings down through the ages, "Ecce Homo—behold the man." See that brow pierced with thorns, His hair clotted with gore, His blood-shot eyes, His swollen and disfigured face. His flesh yet torn from the lash, "Ecce Homo." Ah, it was not thus He lay a smiling babe in His mother's arms! Where now is the fair head that nestled on her bosom, the hair that she smoothed, the brow that she kissed, the eyes in whose depths she found her hope and joy, those eyes ever filled with love and mercy for all; the eyes that wept over the widow's son; that mourned over Jerusalem; that melted the heart of Peter, and drew Mary Magdalene in love and penitence to His feet. Oh, how is He changed! Was it for this He left His throne of glory; that He came among the children of men; that He cured the sick, gave sight to the blind, raised the dead to life and showered His benedictions on all. Where now is His beauty and His comeliness? All gone—destroyed by sin. Yes, it was your sins that did it all. It was your sins of thought that pierced His brow with thorns, your thoughts of pride, vanity, ambition and impurity. It was the sins of your tongue, your detractions, calumnies, lies, cursing and blaspheming, that mocked, insulted and betrayed Him. The sins of your flesh that scourged Him; your sloth, indolence, luxuriously, the abomination of your flesh that has left Him thus—torn, bleeding and mangled.

Oh, can you yet cling to these sins? Can you join those impious Jews! Hear that cry! Barabbas; Barabbas! Yes, they choose Barabbas, a notorious thief, an infamous criminal, to the innocent and suffering Jesus. But whom do you choose? Are you in sin? Do you cling to them? Then you choose Barabbas; you reject Jesus. Yes, you prefer your own sinful life, your sinful pleasures, to your innocent Jesus? Oh, can you make such a choice? Will you, too, join those Jews in that terrible cry: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Well, then, follow Him—follow Him, with your rage and malice. Behold Him loaded with the cross, Follow Him up the steps of Calvary. At last He attains the summit. See Him thrown roughly to the ground, stretched upon the cross; the great, rough nails are driven into His hands and feet, and He is raised aloft to die—to die between two thieves. But in that moment of supreme agony what thoughts fill His heart? Love and mercy for sinners. Yes, in the height of His agony, He turns to the penitent thief on His right, hears the confession of his crimes, and pronounces those words of mercy and pardon, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Then, gazing down upon that wild, furious, howling mob beneath, He prays for them. Yes, prays for His very executioners! for His very crucifiers! "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." But can He pray thus for you? Can He truly say of you, "They know not what they do." No, you know well what you do. You are Christians. You know that sin crucified Him. That each fresh sin crucifies Him anew. You know that if you were the only being in existence, and if you had committed but one sin, He would have died for you the same, to have redeemed you from that sin. Oh, can you yet cling to your sins? Can you remain with that impious mob? Hear their cries. Hear them, as they pass beneath His cross, mock, deride, blaspheme Him: "Ha! If thou be the Christ, come down from the cross. Thou who savest others, save thyself." In vain does nature answer for her God! The sun is darkened. The rocks are rent. The graves open and give up their dead. But all in vain! A few may strike their breasts and cry out, "Indeed this was the Son of God," but the many remain hardened in their sins.

Where, then, Christian souls, is your place tonight? Where will you stand? With your crucified Lord or with the howling mob? Are you in sin, you must choose. Jesus demands it from His cross. Either with Him or against Him. Either with the faithful few who weep or the many who exult. Where will you stand? Oh, need I ask you? Need I ask you in the presence of your crucified God? Well do I know your answer. Well do I know the shame, sorrow and confusion that fills your heart. How you long for the moment of pardon, the moment of reconciliation with your God. Seek that pardon, then; seek it where alone it can be found—in the tribunal of penance. There, at the feet of His consecrated priest, pour forth your tale of sin and woe, and there you will obtain that pardon that flows to you from the merits of the cross. Then, like Mary Magdalene, you can follow your dead Saviour to the tomb. With purified, penitential, and loving hearts, you may watch beside that tomb for the hour of Resurrection—that time so soon to come—the glorious Easter. And then, indeed, you can join the Church in her joyful hallelujah, for you, too, will have risen from death—the death of sin.

## THE ENEMIES OF THE JESUITS.

With good reason did the founder of the Society of Jesus pray to God that he would at no time let the Order founded by him want for troubles, for he well knew that, in times of peace and quiet, monastic institutions are mostly exposed to danger and liable to alienate themselves the most from their object and purpose; and history proclaims loudly how his prayer has been heard and granted. From the very commencement, arose numerous enemies against the holy founder; these enemies became more numerous, and as the Order increased in extent, so did their bitter rage, their hate and malice, raise themselves more and more up to the present day, until all schisms, errors and creeds of folly are arrayed against it. The proof of this is easy of access, if one keeps clearly in view the spirit, the object and the character of the Order of the Jesuits, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, regards attentively the spirit and efforts of their enemies, both of the past and of the present. Of the former it is needless for us to speak here; their work and lives are known to us too well, and the most laconic or curtailed review of their Society, their history or their rules, would occupy more space than the columns of a newspaper could devote to them. We will, therefore, as shortly as possible, review and speak of their present enemies, whom, for greater clearness' sake, we will divide into several classes.

## PROTESTANTS.

Not to give room for misunderstandings, we must remark that by Protestants we mean those who are sincerely attached to its teachings, and who have preserved the outlines of Christianity, although, unfortunately, not in their purity. These become, from the same causes which make them specially enemies of the Catholic Church, of necessity also enemies of the Order of the Jesuits, and they are pre-eminently opposed to them, (the Jesuits) because, as they have often confessed, the main opposition to the spread of their doctrines has always been centered in that Order. "Wherever the Jesuits," says a Protestant historian, "find a foothold, there it is above all things hard to uproot Papacy and to plant the light of the Gospel." One cannot, therefore, take it ill or be surprised at the opposition of the Protestants to the Jesuits, so long as they do not seek to justify their enmity by means of lies and calumnies.

## THE SEMI-INFIDELS AND ATHEISTS.

Namely: those who are adherents of a cosmopolitan religion, form our next division. Of these there is indeed a fearful number, for Protestants and Catholics alike belong to it—Protestants on account of their error, and Catholics who only wear the outward semblance of their faith on a shoddy sleeve. These latter have thrown overboard everything positive and definable in their faith, and reverse nothing that does not agree with their wild, whimsical fancies, which take the place of their faith amongst them, or at best, set the articles of that faith at the lowest discount, just so far as their natural inclination acknowledges them as at all convenient. Everything else they condemn as superstition and the offspring of darkness and blind ignorance, and cannot imagine that, in these days, when so-called progress and enlightenment have hung their lanterns everywhere, people can be found who yet believe in the old trash, Holy Writ included, and blindly beat around the darkness of by-gone ages. Indulgent to themselves and their kind in the extreme, they refuse those who have not sworn fealty to their flag every indulgence and every toleration. They prize forever of liberty of conscience, and demand it, at any cost, for every one who has already apostatized, or who is in a fair way to do so. But woe to the "unenlightened," who would also demand liberty of conscience, or attempt to enforce this right, accorded so fully to others; they carry upon their lips sentences of leniency and charity toward those who differ from them in religious or political opinions, but mean only themselves and their leaders, and splutter fire and flames against those who hold to different doctrines; they speak continually of the most unlimited liberty of speech and the press, but as soon as one of the "unenlightened" ventures to make use of this liberty and to interrupt them in their attempts to cajole the people with hollow phrases into thinking as they do, they immediately denounce him as a peace-disturber, inciter, darkling, Jesuit, Ultramontane, etc. These worldly wise-aces pride themselves in the happy thoughts that they, and they only, are the enlightened ones, and do not, therefore, bother themselves to support their wild, socialistic and infidel notions with authentic proofs, and if such are demanded, run into the most extreme excesses of abuse and falsehood. These, as also those who belong to the third class, are the most numerous enemies of the Jesuits. No falsehood is too great and vindictive, no calumny too base, which they do not spread in the streets and lanes, in the saloons and theaters, and through the press. Their cry is, "No Jesuits! Death and

the devil upon all Jesuits and their supporters, frocked and unfrocked."

#### THE IGNORANT AND SEMI-WISE.

Who know the Jesuits only from hearsay, and who blindly swallow everything said of them, no matter from what source. These resemble the heathens, who, as Tertullian relates, steadfastly believed that the Christians adored an ass' head, kill, sacrifice and eat, every morning, a male infant; or, like the hostess, who wondered that so sensible a gentleman as her guest could adore the Pope, since he (the Pope) was not a human being, but a satanic dragon and a hideous beast; and, upon the guest's hearty laughter at the expense of her ignorance, she, to strengthen the truth of her assertion, appealed to the fact that her preacher, who was, in her opinion, a man of truth, often related the same as facts.

These anti-Jesuits are poor simpletons, who think to do the world great good by aping their smarter—and, on that account, more dangerous—leaders. To this class also belong those who obtain their knowledge from "yellow-covered" novels, bad books and worse papers and publications, which knowledge they, in their ignorance, publish to the world by imitating the common cry of all the enemies of the Society of Jesus, "down with the Jesuits." This class represents large contingent in the anti-Jesuit army of the world.—*Catholic Sentinel.*

#### THE CHURCH PROGRESSIVE.

The Church unquestionably stands at the head of the influences that have civilized mankind. If Guizot's definition of civilization, "the reform and elevation of society through the reform and elevation of the individual," is true, and that it is true the Protestant schools of history admit, then, the Church must be regarded as the civilizer by excellence. Home, with its manifold influences, is deemed a powerful agency in the formation of individual perfection, and to the Church, under Christ, the modern world owes all expressed by those tender words—"home," and "the family circle." Heathenism made the family and all its relations subject to the supreme arbitrament of the state. Deformed children were destroyed as prospectively unfit for military service. Infanticide was one of the most prevalent crimes of heathendom. It was the Babe of Bethlehem that saved His little fellows. The stability of the family is based on the indissolubility of the marital tie. This the Church has ever upheld and preserved. By insisting on it, the Church formed society into families and kin, throwing about them defences and safeguards of liberty and happiness, and out of the Christian family the civilized state, such as we have it, arose. Here is the first step in that march of progress in which the Church leads humanity. We often hear the axioms proved by a thousand years of experience that the family is the social unit. It was the Church that taught and realized the axioms which all statesmanship and political science accept as fundamental.

After reforming the family, she reformed the state. Heathen statesmanship proceeded on the assumption that the governed were created for the governors. The Pyramids overshadowed a multitude of toiling slaves who were taught to regard their sovereign as God, the Supreme Disposer of their lives and fortunes. Republican Greece and Rome never were republican in the Christian sense. The Church, on the downfall of the Roman Empire, took the barbarians in hand, shaped their wild chieftains into stable forms of government, and gave to their disunited clans an organic form. Guizot admits that the Church originated the idea of election, personal freedom, the right of the people to rebel against despotism, municipal independence, and the abolition of slavery. Here, then, is the Church fashioning the two elements of all progress—the family and the free state. Without these subsisting in the relations established by her, all progress is impossible. To her, as to source and fountain, all modern progress and civilization can therefore be traced.—*Catholic World.*

#### CATHOLIC IGNORANCE.

According to some Eastern scribes, it would seem that Catholics have been in all ages more ignorant than Hindus in the jungles of India. Yet, let the following facts speak for themselves to the credit of our much maligned co-religionists.

In Germany, the Catholic Guttenberg printed the first Bible.

In England, Caxton, a Catholic, introduced printing, under the patronage of the Abbot of Westminster.

The oldest printed book to be found is a Latin Bible called the Mazarin Bible, supposed to have been printed between the years 1452 and 1456.

Cardinal Hugues de St. Cher made the first Concordance of the Scriptures.

Father Chiflet, a Jesuit, was the first to review a book, in the first Review ever established—the

"Journal des Savants." The book was the work of some African bishops of the fifth century.

The first book printed in the Northern States, west of the Alleghanies, was the Epistles and Gospels, in French and English. It came from a press set up at Detroit by Father Richard, a Catholic priest, who was at one time a Member of Congress.

Roger Bacon, the famous English monk, discovered and explained the principles that led to the invention of gunpowder by another monk, Schwartz, of Cologne, in the early part of the fourteenth century.

Bury, Bishop of Durham, founded the first public library in England.

Free schools were instituted in the middle ages; no taxes to maintain them either.

The first newspaper was published at Venice. Clocks were invented by monks—some say by Gerbert, who put up a clock for Otho the Great, at Magdeburg.

Bells were invented by Nola, Bishop of Campania, about the year 400.

Salvino, a monk of Pisa, invented spectacles, in the twelfth century.

Writing paper was invented in the middle ages. The mariner's compass was arranged, as now used, by Gioja, a Neopolitan, about the year 1300.

Roger Bacon invented the magnifying-glass.

The barometer was invented by Torricelli, an Italian, about 1626.

The great travelers of the thirteenth century, Nicholas and Maffeo Polo, were Catholics. They were natives of Venice, and brothers. Mandeville, a great traveler in the fourteenth century, was also a Catholic. So was Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America.

Algebraic calculations were introduced by the Italians, in 1412.

Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, constructed the first piano-forte, in 1711.

The Camellia Japonica derives its generic name from Father Camillus, or Kamel, a Jesuit missionary to Asia, who wrote a book on the plants of Luzon, one of the Philippine Islands.

The earliest known wood-cut is a picture of St. Christopher, engraved in 1423. It was found in a convent near Augsburg, and is now owned by the Earl of Spencer.

#### THE VICE OF FALSE PRUDENCE.

We cull the following from a Spanish contemporary: "Many men candidly believe that by going to confession and communion, and by fulfilling the duties we all owe to God, they are doing all the good possible in the world. These privileged beings shut themselves up hermetically in their houses, and rest calm and tranquil, although they see the muddy stream of revolution flowing at their feet, so long as they manage to keep their own necks above the water. What does it matter to these men, self-styled prudent, that the weightiest social interests are compromised, or that evil, impurity, and revolution go on increasing? Wrapped in their foolish egotism, they do not even hear the roar of the tempest which threatens them with destruction—in all probability, they condemn the earnest apostles of the just and the good. They are the strongest supports of the revolution which paralyzes them. Fools! they think to appease the monster by fine words, by lying caresses. Unfortunate, indeed, is that state where such men are in a majority. Nations do not perish alone by corruption, they also fall through the prudence by which some citizens intensify the misfortunes of their country. There are troublous epochs in the history of men from which there is no escape by ordinary efforts; something more is wanted: heroism." We commend this passage to all our readers; for every word in it is applicable, though perhaps in a modified form, to vast numbers amongst us, who, whilst fulfilling carefully the ordinary duties of religion, in a great measure ignore the duties incumbent on them as Catholic citizens, or shrink from their performance in order to hold a more prudent course. Boldness is sometimes imperatively necessary, and even an excess of rashness is at times preferable to overstrained prudence. The former often commands success; the latter invites defeat. Catholics in the country, more especially at the present time, could very well afford to take a lesson in the bold discharge of duties of citizens from their Nonconformist fellow-citizens and irreconcilable opponents.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

#### SAINT NICHOLAS.

Who was St. Nicholas? Many of our readers might be puzzled to answer who was, or rather who is, Santa Claus? Any child can tell, especially if you put to him the question at the Christmas time: "What! you don't know Santa Claus, the kind old gentleman who goes frisking over the world on the night before Christmas, with his bundle of good things on his back?" Nimble he leaps down every chimney and fills the baskets and stockings

round the hearth-wall. How often have our little friends dreamed all through the blessed night of Christmas Eve of the good Santa Claus and his unexpected gifts!

Santa Claus, then, or St. Nicholas, as he is more properly called, is the especial patron of the children. He was Archbishop of Myra, in Asia Minor. He lived in the fourth century of the Christian era. Simplicity, modesty and a boundless charity characterized the saint. From the time of his death great honors were paid him, both in the Greek and Latin Churches, and numerous altars and shrines were dedicated to God under his patronage. With the Russians St. Nicholas has ever been a favorite saint.

In the year 1807, certain merchants of Bari, an Italian seaport on the Adriatic, succeeded in carrying off the relics of St. Nicholas from Myra. Numerous miracles were said to have been wrought at Bari on the arrival of the sacred remains. The saint's shrine at Bari has ever since been a resort of pious pilgrims.

The childlike virtues of the saint, and the peculiar aid that he extended to young people during his life, are the chief reasons why he is frequently represented in pictures by three youths.

#### THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world; Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra lies buried beneath the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel; an island of verdure in a desert, "predestined capital," with martial and sacred associations extending beyond thirty centuries.

It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light from Heaven, above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Strait, in which it is said he prayed, still runs through the city; the caravan comes and goes as it did one thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still occupy its streets with the multitude of their wares. The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, because it is given to have but one paradise, and, for his part, he was resolved not to have his in this world, is to this day what Julian called the "Eye of the East," as it was, in the time of Isaiah, the "Head of Syria."

From Damascus came our damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricots of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VII; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and remarkable elasticity, the secret of the manufacture of which was lost when Tamerlane carried the artists into Persia; and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with gold and silver—a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united, called damaskeening, with which boxes and bureaus, and swords and guns, are ornamented.

It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, the rivers of Damascus, the river of gold, still sparkle in the wilderness of Syrian gardens.

#### IS HOME RULE REVOLUTION?

Ireland is ever before the world's historians. In the great Past her history is the brightening link connecting the splendors and renowns of ancient days with the enlightenment and civilization of modern times. Throughout all ages has her people attracted the attention of other nations by their attachment to religion and devotion to country; by excellence in learning, by their conquest, and by resistance to their oppressors. Ireland can not be obliterated. For the past seven centuries her sons have never ceased to protest against their subjugation, to demand freedom, to plead for justice, or to war for liberty. Their unceasing efforts have alike marked them as irrepressible and unsubjugated. By their never-ceasing agitation, now peaceful, calm, and dignified, and again violent, warlike and unconquerable, many cruel and vindictive laws have been removed from the statute books, and progress in material welfare made more active and evident.

O'Connell's appeal to the Irish people to agitate! was but the embodiment of the spirit of those people for centuries—their natures, as it were, were ever in revolt against the power which oppressed them, and their many struggles, peaceful and warlike, were but the manifestations of that hostility which Nature, we may almost say, implanted within them.

But of the many struggles for entire freedom from the rule of England, or for a freedom, restricted though it be, which should relieve the

country of the elements which made it the scene of discord and the abiding-place of an oppressed people, no agitation seems to combine within it so many features of a beneficial character, or so likely to cease the conflict which for ages has been carried on between England and poor Ireland, than the present contest for Home Rule. This does not mean separation from England, nor the dissolution of all political ties with that country. The advocates of Home Rule only ask that small matters concerning the internal affairs of Ireland a Parliament sitting in Dublin should consider and legislate for, and that all interests of an Imperial character, concerning those questions regarding the whole nation, as the army and navy, finances, revenue, and war-making, shall be attended to by the Imperial Parliament, as at present. To a mind governed by the evidences of justice rather than the traditions and prejudices of contending people, this seems a claim which should be demanded and ought to be acceded to.

Not only is it justice to Ireland, but, if granted, it will advance the interests of the other portions of the kingdom, for Gladstone complains that Irish questions now consume more time than should be allotted to that portion of her Majesty's domain; that the constant presentations by the Irish members of measures for the advancement of the interests of Ireland take time which the affairs of Scotland, Wales, England, or the Colonies should have.

Is this demand, then, a Revolution? Such we must consider it, and though the movement is now wide-spread throughout Ireland, and is daily gaining in favor and influence, its manifestations are not of that violent character calculated to attract the attention or enthusiasm of the unthinking. It is an agitation gaining strength through merit and in a peaceful manner. It is an effort in which all classes are united—landlord and tenant, Protestant and Catholic. Its elements are its hopes of success, and succeed it must. It is a revolution such as the Church can approve, and such as mankind even can sanction. Mr. Butt, its foremost champion, asserts that Home Rule will be achieved in four years. To thoughtful men are indications of this to be seen? Indeed, when we consider the condition of the Queen and the consequent insecurity of monarchy by reason of the republican element actively at work in England, a man may be no son of a prophet to declare that not many years hence will Ireland's vindication and triumph come, as the accomplishment of Home Rule would really be. Ireland's best interests do not now demand entire separation from England. Let Home Rule be secured, and time may present evidences that entire freedom is best. The demand for Home Rule is one which Parliament will at least listen to, for Gladstone says no question of separation will be treated of. The return to the days before the Union and to the time of the Volunteers, would be an advance for Ireland now, and this revolution, for revolution it is, is being fought as valiantly and as certainly as though its field of action were marked by blood, devastation, and ruin.—*Catholic Standard.*

#### THE WORDS WE USE.

It has been calculated that our language, including the nomenclature of the arts and sciences, contains one hundred thousand words; yet, of this immense number, it is surprising how few are in common use. To the great majority, even of educated men, three-fourths of the words are almost as unfamiliar as Greek or Choctaw. Strike from the lexicon all the words nearly obsolete—all the words of special arts or professions—all the words confined in their usage to particular localities—all the words which even the educated speaker uses only in homeopathic doses—and it is astonishing into what a Liliputian volume your Brobdingnagian Webster or Worcester have shrunk. It has been calculated that a child uses only about one hundred words; and unless he belongs to the educated classes, he will never employ more than three or four hundred. A distinguished American scholar estimates that few speakers or writers use as many as ten thousand words; ordinary persons, of fair intelligence, not over three or four thousand. Even the great orator who is able to bring into the field, in the war of words, half the vast array of light and heavy troops which the vocabulary affords, yet contents himself with a far less imposing display of verbal force. Even the all-knowing Milton, whose wealth of words seems amazing, and whom Dr. Johnson charges with using "a Babylonian dialect," uses only eight thousand; and Shakespeare himself, "the myriad-minded," only fifteen thousand. These facts show that the difficulty of mastering the vocabulary of a new tongue is greatly over-rated; and they show, too, how absurd is the boast of every new dictionary-maker that his vocabulary contains so many thousand words more than those of his predecessors.—*The Lakeside Monthly.*

# The Catholic Guardian.

FRANCIS DILLON EAGAN, Editor.

"WHOSOEVER WILL BE SAVED, BEFORE ALL THINGS IT IS NECESSARY THAT HE HOLD THE CATHOLIC FAITH, WHICH FAITH, EXCEPT EVERY ONE DOETH HOLD ENTIRE AND INVIOLENTE, WITHOUT DOUBT HE SHALL PERISH EVERLASTINGLY. THIS IS THE CATHOLIC FAITH WHICH EXCEPT EVERY ONE BELIEVES FAITHFULLY AND STEADFASTLY, HE CANNOT BE SAVED."—Creed of St. Athanasius.

## Catholic Calendar.

APRIL—30 DAYS.

7. Sunday.—LOW SUNDAY. Epist. 1 John v. 4-10; Gosp. John xx. 19-31.
8. Monday.—ANNUNCIATION OF THE B. V. M. (Mar. 25.) Epist. Is. vii. 10-15; Gosp. Luke i. 26-38.
9. Tuesday.—St. Francis of Paula, Confessor. (Apr. 2.)
10. Wednesday.—St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. (Apr. 4.)
11. Thursday.—St. Leo, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church.
12. Friday.—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor. (Apr. 5.)
12. Saturday.—St. Hermenegild, Martyr.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

### THE VOICE OF THE HOLY FATHER.

"POVIDENCE SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN, IN OUR DAY, A GREAT MISSION TO THE CATHOLIC PRESS. IT IS FOR IT TO PRESERVE THE PRINCIPLES OF ORDER AND OF FAITH, WHERE THEY STILL PREVAIL, AND TO PROPAGATE THEM WHERE IMPURITY AND COLD INDIFFERENCE HAVE CAUSED THEM TO BE FORGOTTEN." (Letter of Pope Pius IX, in 1851.)

"We urgently beseech you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic doctrine." (Encyclical of Pope Pius IX, in 1853.)

"Leave nothing untried by which our holy religion and its salutary teaching may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path." (Letter from Pope Pius IX, to the Prelates of the United States, in 1855.)

### A CARD FROM THE ARCHBISHOP.

TO THE REVEREND CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO :

Many of you have already learned, no doubt with pleasure, that FRANCIS DILLON EAGAN, for many years a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has lately renounced Protestantism and embraced the Catholic faith. In a public lecture here, he, in eloquent terms, gave his reasons for such a step. DR. EAGAN has resolved to devote all his energies and abilities to the cause of our holy Religion, and to the spread of Catholic doctrine; and to this end he has started a paper, THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN, to be devoted exclusively to Catholic interests. As its Editor, he proposes to visit the several parishes of the Archdiocese, and expects the co-operation and assistance of the Catholic clergy and laity.

I am sure you will give him a hearty welcome, and render him every assistance in your power to get a large number of subscribers which alone can make the new paper a success.

JOSEPH SADOC, ALEMANY.  
ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO.

### EASTER !

Who has not rejoiced at this word? The truth which it proclaims, when considered in the immensity of its results and in the glory with which it encircles the person and work of our Blessed Lord, can never fail to awaken feelings of the deepest interest in every Christian heart. The scene of the Crucifixion had left the infant church in tears. That scene was, indeed, to the faithful band of disciples, the most overwhelming disaster of which we can form any conception. What if men were to be told that, to-day, the sun would be extinguished by a decree of God that had gone forth and was unalterable? Who can conceive the consternation that would prevail? How men would gather! And as the sun began to reel toward the West and show signs of irregularity, what terror would begin to come upon the boldest faces! And if, flaming with ominous flashes, the sun should go down, at last, and seem to have fallen into a gulf of annihilation, what outcry would fill the now rayless night! And when men, having watched the East till the morning hour, saw that with it came no morning light, and that the day was undistinguishable from the night, they would begin, with universal wail, to proclaim their sorrow. The fields would droop, houses would be as sepulchres, business would hush in the streets, the banker would forget his bank, the miser his money, the mechanic his work, and seekers of pleasure their places of re-

sort; the sail would hang at rest in the harbor; there would be no light, all business would perish, nothing could grow, nothing could blossom, there would be no color in the flower, none in the sky, none in the living human face; life itself would be dead while yet alive, and the world would be buried. Just so it was with the disciples. The darkness of death in which their Lord was now shrouded overwhelmed them with greater sorrow than if the sun had been plucked from the firmament. All the bright hopes which they cherished are now faded and gone. When He whom they loved was dead, they felt that, though they had life, they had nothing for it to do. They looked upon the sepulchre of their Lord as the grave of immortality. But what if, after three hopeless, helpless days, when men had become almost rigid with despair, some watcher should cry out in the street, "I see light dawning in the East," what wild tidings would spread! How sleepers would spring up out of horrid dreams! What shouts of joy would rend the air, from throngs of men, as the light flamed forth! What tears of gratitude would fill every eye! And as the sun rose gloriously above the horizon, parents and children would lock themselves in embrace, friends would greet friends, the whole city would be intoxicated with joy, and would indulge in every extravagant gratulation! Would not a new epoch begin. In the calendar would be placed the glorious resurrection of the sun. So has the Catholic Church placed the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and on Easter Sunday the whole Christian world celebrates the anniversary of the coming forth from the sepulchre of Him that led captivity captive, that burst the bars of death and poured a flood of immortal radiance over the dark prison-house of the grave, where naught but despair had ever been known. A poet of antiquity has pathetically lamented that sun, moon and stars sat, but rose again; that the vegetable race died in autumn, only to revive under the influence of the vernal equinox; but that man—even the best of human beings—sank in death to rise no more. The solemn event which Easter commemorates shows the gloomy dirge of the hoary Moschus to have been premature in its touching lament. In the Resurrection of Our Lord from the dead we have the inestimable assurance that, with his faithful followers, the close of life is the dawn of a blessed immortality—the thrice-happy Easter of that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

### MESSENGERS OF EVIL.

As if to fitly inaugurate the recent shock in Inyo County, our Pacific world has been startled by a blast from Los Angeles worthy of those fallen spirits whose treason to God has been commemorated for all time by the muse of Dante. We glean from the *Monitor* of the 30th ultimo that, at the celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Los Angeles, Governor Downey delivered, as orator of the national festival, an address, wherein, among other things, he was pleased to declare:

We Irish are proverbially an impolitic people. We do not attach ourselves to party because it is strong; but we cling to a principle and will fight for it. We therefore have become just now unpopular. Our religion, to which we are attached, is unpopular, although an Irishman himself never inquires what a man's religion is if he wants to be his friend, to trade with him or to vote for him. Much of this unpopularity arises from the fact that the Church prohibits its members from belonging to any of the various benevolent organizations which the civilization of this age would seem to demand. These organizations are purely benevolent, and their first assurance given to those who wish to join them is, that they shall not conflict with their duties to the religion which they profess, their duties to God nor to their country. And yet, because of the political organizations in Italy, secret in character, a general Bull is issued against those of the most useful adjuncts to religion, morals and public virtue. Were these brought in harmony with the Church, it would have been the happiest effect, and would tend to bind the social family together in harmony and peace.

If 35,000,000 of Italians want to make Victor Emmanuel the instrument of the liberty of their country, what right have we Irish to join in the cry and style him the Robber-King?

If the Germans want a unity of the great Germanic family, what right have we Irish to complain?

Is it not just what the Irish want? and would not Louis Napoleon and Pio Nono's Prime Minister sell you to Bismarck for the simple re-establishment of their temporal power?

I, who speak to you, assure you they would. They have done so before, and would do it again. Napolion III was all his life the sworn friend of your arch-enemy.

That Governor Downey, like other architects of ruin on the European continent, should seek to crown the edifice of liberty by the demolition of the Catholic Church is, unhappily, by no means remarkable in an age that has witnessed the impious efforts of Mazzini and his sect in Italy, and, more recently, of Castellar in Spain, and the Commune in France. If the Red Cap, like the torch of the *pétroleuse*, counts its votaries in the Old World, it is but natural, surely, that the apes of the prevailing political fashion should sport the draggled fringe and blood-stained finery thereof in the New. But when Governor Downey states that "35,000,000 of Italians (*sic*) want to make Victor Emmanuel the instrument of the liberty of their country," and that the degenerate and perjured head of the House of Savoy is not what he is—the Robber-Ring—he as-

serts what every one conversant with the affairs of the Pelasgic Peninsula knows to be false. The sub-Alpine dominion in the Eternal City, it should be remembered, has been pronounced, by publicists like Guizot—albeit not Catholics—a lawless usurper. If the Piedmontese monarch is not a robber—and sacrilegious at that—then Fra Diavolo was no brigand, reeking with human gore.

We do not care, at this moment, to pollute the columns of THE GUARDIAN with Governor Downey's clumsy perversion of Papal history, any more than we desire to wade through the *disjecta membra* of the orator touching Teutonic unity and the policy of Cardinal Antonelli toward Ireland, which, it would seem, our ex-gubernatorial functionary has evolved, like the German's camel, out of the depths of his own consciousness. *Se non e vero, e ben trovato*, as the Italians say. In truth, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" furnished for the Angelic festival by the Governor remind one of nothing so much as of "Souper" refreshment got up under British Evangelical auspices for purposes of Irish proselytism, garnished with tid-bits from Dollinger, and spiced with blasphemy *à la Renan*. That the occasion of St. Patrick's Day should, strange to say, have been selected, after the fashion of modern liberalism, for such an intellectual banquet is, in all conscience, bad enough; but that the organ, *par excellence*, that, by a daring rhetorical artifice, styles itself "the only Irish and Catholic journal in California," should, in its editorial columns, give a local habitation to so nauseous a bill of fare, is, if possible, in still more execrable taste.

Whatever Governor Downey and the *Monitor* may think, the Holy See is still held in deep affection and reverence by the Catholics of California; nor among their co-religionists of American, Spanish, French, Italian, German, English and Indian blood, have Irishmen degenerated in their olden loyalty—that *præcia fides*, the unbought homage of the heart—to the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth. To all Catholics, indeed, worthy of the name, Rome, even in chains, remains "the city of the soul;" while, among Irishmen, the fidelity of their race to the successor of St. Peter—that glorious heritage bequeathed from bleeding sire to son—never waxes dim, but on the stream of time, from age to age, (to borrow the thought of the Greek dramatist) "still casts bright images of heavenly youth to make the world less mournful."

### WEAKNESS OF FALSEHOOD.

Having been, by the mercy of God, led, through a course of miscellaneous and infidel reading, into the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, and having, in this reading, found nothing but misrepresentation and slander, wherever the enemies of the Church find an opportunity to malign her, until this universal onslaught by both Infidelity and Protestantism brought us to examine the claims of that Church; and finding that these falsehoods melted in the crucible of investigation like snow, our love for the glorious old Church, which our Divine Lord had said should be falsified, slandered and persecuted of men, induced us to write a few articles, showing the weakness of any cause that must resort to such persistent falsehood. In the last of these, published in THE GUARDIAN, we referred, incidentally, and in no fault-finding spirit, to an article that had appeared in the *Golden Era*, on the subject of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. We treated the *Era* fairly, courteously, candidly. Our article brought out one from the *Era*, which we give here as an illustration of the truth of the positions assumed in our former articles, and, in order that we may not be accused of misrepresentation, we quote the article entire:

The GUARDIAN, edited by the Rev. Dillon Eagan, has made its second bow to an expectant audience. It seems to be conducted with ability, though the tone of some of its articles sounds a little curious to ears accustomed to the nineteenth century ring. In fact, it goes out of its way to declare the impossibility of progression. Commenting on an article in the *Era*, on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, it takes exception to our assertion that the world has grown wiser since that event. We said, in substance, that such a crime would be impossible now, as churches had become more tolerant and the people too wise to permit a few bigots to repeat such outrages. The GUARDIAN responds that the Church never grows wiser, as it was guided and directed by an All-Wise power, at that and all other periods of its existence. From this we infer that the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and all minor massacres and burnings are defended as just and right. The terrible Inquisition was also a justifiable discipline. Certainly, if Christ guided the Church, whatever the Church sanctioned was right. No argument can reach this position but that which goes under it and assails its premises. If God is All Wise and Christ the equal of God, the Church directed by him must be infallible in its judgments. If the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or any other massacre, was directed by the Church, the act becomes one upon which humanity may not sit in judgment. The position involves either a denial of the infallibility of Christ or His direction of the Church, or compels the acceptance of all the Church does as just and proper under the circumstances. Our excuse for the Church was, therefore, impertinent. We took an uninspired view of this question. A somewhat zealous Protestant contributor urged certain acts against the Catholic Church, and we attempted to disarm him by reverting to the fact that the acts complained of were committed three centuries ago, but would not under any circumstances be repeated. It

seems that we were in error. The act is justified, and under similar circumstances, may be repeated. We are however, still of the opinion that influence of education on the minds of the people will serve as a sufficient restraint upon any Church that may feel inclined to repeat the horrors of the Dark Ages.

We did not declare the impossibility of progression. We took no exception to the statement that the *world* had grown wiser since that event, (but we will here add, by way of parenthesis, that we think the position debatable). We did say that the *Church* never grows wiser—we can admit of no progression in religion. People may think they have grown wiser than our Blessed Redeemer; they may, in this age of invention, find some easier and more progressive plan of salvation, but we, Catholics, must be excused from taking any stock in the new concern.

"From this we infer," says the *Era*, "that the massacre of Saint Bartholomew and all minor massacres and burnings, are defended as just and right." Now we ask those of our readers who have the last number of THE GUARDIAN, to examine the article closely and see if any language can be found to warrant any such "inference." We will quote, for the benefit of such as may not have read the article, one sentence from it:

For three centuries the Catholic population of the world has disclaimed all sympathy with the perpetrators of the outrage, and to-day hold the memories of the chief actors therein in as great abhorrence as any Protestant could.

Yet the *Era* "infers" that we defended the act as "just and right!"

We do not accuse the *Era* of any extraordinary misrepresentation of our article. Most Protestant and infidel writers have not been so careful about their statements concerning the Church. We cite it more in support of the truth of our assertion, that the Church was so built upon a rock, so surrounded by the arm of the Almighty, that she presented no vulnerable point of attack, and that her enemies must be satisfied with setting up an imaginary structure to knock to pieces; not that the misrepresentation is at all unusual, but because it is more easily seen than the falsification of an event which happened three centuries ago. If it is possible for an article only a week from the press to be so completely falsified, how easy is it for the same class of writers to distort history?

In the article to which reference is made we stated that the Catholic is often placed at great disadvantage even in his own household, by falsehoods that creep through the columns of papers he could not, without downright bigotry, exclude. The above, from the *Era*, is a proof of our assertion. There is not, perhaps, a Catholic in California who would exclude that paper from his home. One might not have a particular fancy for it, but no order would be given to exclude it. Suppose a Catholic should take the *Era* who does not get THE GUARDIAN—and there are doubtless such—a Protestant reading it could say to him: "Your Church not only ordered and superintended the massacre, three hundred years ago, but it glories in it to this day. Here is a paper published for the avowed purpose of defending your Church, edited by a gentleman learned in theology and history, that now justifies it as right and proper!"

To many this would be a "crusher." Some, perhaps, might retort that it was "all a lie;" but such a reply would be attributed to bigotry, blinded by superstition, and his Protestant friend would pity the "poor blinded bigot" who would persist in believing nothing except what the priest told him. Many might think it to be a lie who would not give utterance to the thought, fearing the charge above alluded to. The thousands of Protestants who read the *Era* (for it is a very good literary paper, after its sort, and has a large circulation) will take it as a matter not to be disputed, that THE GUARDIAN denies all progress and defends the massacre, in cold blood, of thousands of human beings, as a good and a pious act, and will be only another evidence of the "barbarism of the Catholic Church."

But suppose one has THE GUARDIAN to place alongside the *Era*'s article? Then we would see demonstrated another position we have advanced. That nothing was so unutterably weak, so void of all recuperative powers, as falsehood, when exposed. Nothing can be said in defense of it. Its abiding-place is darkness, and it is dispelled as soon as one ray of light touches it. Why is it that the Church has so many bitter, unrelenting enemies? It was prophesied that she should have. If she stands in a false position, why is it necessary to resort to falsehood *every time* she is attacked? If she is the enemy of progress, of education and good morals, and is the embodiment of wickedness and superstition, whence the necessity for misrepresenting her? If we come to the defense of such an institution, whence the necessity of misquoting us? We ask unprejudiced Protestants who may happen to read this, to ponder well these questions. Then investigate, see how much she is misrepresented, and learn something of what the Church does teach. If she is wrong, this little investigation can't hurt you; if she is right, could time be better

spent? We tread this path, and know as certainly where it leads as we know where the waters of the Sacramento find their outlet.

As an offset to the *Era's* statement that no massacres are possible in this enlightened day, let us refer the editor to the recent massacre at Paris, in which the venerable Archbishop of that city, and thousands of others, was brutally murdered, not on the spur of the moment and in the midst of an alarm raised in the night time, but in cold blood, after mature deliberation. And what progressive organization headed this massacre? Let the *Era* answer. If an example nearer home is wanted, let him read of the sacking of a convent at the city of Boston, the center of civilization of the "nineteenth century!" If these examples do not satisfy him, we can give him some more.

It was not our intention to have anything more to say of the historical event spoken of, but as so much has been said, we have concluded to present a short essay on the causes which led to the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. As we have taken up so much room already, we must postpone it for another issue.

w. s. g.

#### THE VERY REVEREND FATHER BURKE.

The great Irish Dominican—the preacher of the "Order of Preachers," is at present delivering a series of sermons and lectures to crowded audiences in New York and Brooklyn. The *Freeman's Journal* of March 9th, in noticing the effect of Father Burke's preaching, says :

"It was several months ago that the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, of the Order of St. Dominic, by the command of the General of the Order, came to this country as *Visitor* of his Order. Father Thomas Burke is known all over Europe as a great Apostolic preacher. It is especially in Rome, where most of his life has been passed, that his reputation is so great. He has passed very quietly through this country, and has visited all the houses of his Order. Only, wherever he goes, after he has preached once, the faithful flock around the pulpit, and around the church, if he preaches a second time, as bees gather round a bed of jessamine. In humiliation of soul we, acknowledge that we had little care to hear Father Burke preach. We plead, in extenuation, that an experience of twenty-five years of 'grand orators,' has led us to expect, in any one of them, a *grand humbug*. Even in the Catholic pulpit, of those *renowned* for 'extraordinary eloquence,' we can count on the fingers of one hand—leaving the thumb uncounted—all we have ever heard that did not, in fifteen minutes, make us wish his place was filled by some one who would be giving a simple Catholic instruction, adapted to ours and other humblest intellects. So we acknowledge a prejudice against pulpit celebrities.

"But what kind of a preacher is this Dominican Father Burke? What is the power by which he holds, hushed and breathless, each one in a crowded congregation—alike the most learned and critical, and the rough men with little either of sentiment or education? A natural gift of oratory no one can mistake in him. He has the richness of voice and the persuasiveness of accent that God has lavished so largely on his countrymen. But these are 'tricks of the tongue,' that the man of trained intellect can arm himself against, even while he admires them. But *Fra.* Burke *disarms* this trained intellectual listener, because, in him, it is neither *trick nor art*. It is the *gift* God has given him, and *that he has consecrated to God!* The honey-dew that drops from his lips is distilled from a soul consecrated to God, and an intellect saturated and steeped in the learning and piety of the Saints and Doctors of the Church."

In our next issue we shall give our readers Father Burke's magnificent lecture on "Christian Art," recently delivered in the Dominican Church of St. Vincent, New York.

#### INDIFFERENTISM.

All must admit that, in the present more than in the past ages of the world's history, the reckless spirit of Indifferentism has done more to affect, for evil, the social relations of man with man, than any other cause whatever.

To this growing spirit must be attributed the flagrant disregard for principle that exists amongst high and low, because Indifferentism scorns the idea of piety, laughs at religion, and makes a mockery of holy things. Hence, we are not surprised to hear of violated oaths, and bleeding hearts, and broken vows, and crushed hopes, resulting daily in tragedies of bloodshed that mantle our cheeks with shame.

The young victim to Indifferentism can, 'tis true, in the awful hour when he is about to tread upon the threshold of eternity, call for his pastor, whose words may shed a ray of comfort on his heart, like a sun-beam on a tomb-stone. But does the presence of the pastor secure him in that perilous moment, fraught with danger, as he lies stretched there with a constitution shattered by debauchery and crime? Can the dark and dismal cloud of Indifferentism, gathering around his soul for years, be dissipated in a moment? Remember the grim carnage of the Communistic crew within the walls of Paris. Remember the dread butcheries perpetrated on the Lord's anointed, while the curse of God was settling over the doomed city! Oh, how many a young man, if the truth were known, died maddened with remorse during that Reign of Terror! How many a misled youth groaned, not so much for the ugly gashes on his body as for the agonizing anguish with which his soul was harrowed, remembering the quenched fire on his mother's hearth, and the quenched hopes in his mother's breast.

Whoever embarks in an evil cause must, sooner or later, share the disastrous results of the same. But how distinguish such individuals when we

meet them in real life? Easily. Bravado and buncombe are the characteristic marks of our nineteenth-century desperadoes. Rascality and roguery are their essential qualities, without which they could never effect their black schemes. They are adepts at bloodshed and plunder. They have proved it, at least, in France. They have shown that the torch of the incendiary and the knife of the lurking assassin will be scrupulously brought into use, if needed, for their dark designs. Therefore, to all true Catholics, we say : stand on your guard against leaguing with Christ's mortal enemies, who hate Him with an implacable hatred. Desert not the glorious standard of your Redeemer. Hold in abhorrence those diabolical doctrines that would lead you to your ruin. There is no neutrality in this matter. The chaunts of your church, like the eternal melody of the angels, ring perpetually in your ears, that *there must be no compromise with error*. Waver, and you fall. Resist, and your heroism will be recorded by angels in the archives of Heaven.

One word more, and we dismiss the subject for the present. It is idle to say that a man may play with fire in his hands and not get burnt. Neither can you play with Indifferentism and yet not become gradually indifferent. Mark this fact, and weigh it well. Faith is a *gratuitous* gift, and *may be lost*. Ponder over this. Do you realize how terrible a thing it is to lose the Faith? If not, approach, in spirit, to the grave of the apostate Julian, and summon up the memory of his dying words, when he scattered his heart's blood to the winds of heaven, and shouted out, while hell was howling around him, "Galilean! Galilean! Thou hast conquered!" And so of others, very many others, whose death-beds were darkened by the demon of despair. In their folly, they boasted of their Indifferentism during life, and, step by step, they descended, till, at last, they were lowered with infidels into the pit, and discovered, to their cost, when too late, how true were the words, *facilis est desensus Averni*.

#### SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

An Irish novelist tells of an individual who was under the weather in more senses than one, and who, one day, stalked along with an umbrella under his arm, while down came a heavy thunder-shower, the big drops patterning upon his devoted head-piece. He apparently heeded not the pelting rain, though it drenched him to the skin; but he plodded on his weary way, with the umbrella folded and clutched tighter than ever. On being remonstrated with by a passer-by, his only answer was, "My father and grandfather before me didn't have no umbrellas, and I aint a-goin' too, either. I aint no better nor they be!" This incident reminds us strongly of the dogged adherence of some people to error, not because of honest convictions, but because, forsooth, "as their grandfathers lived, so would they." The son was no better than the sire; and if the sire made a blunder, the son "took up for the old man," and followed the beaten track simply because it was the beaten track, no matter *whether it led*. And the best of it is, that this beautiful mode of proceeding is boldly attributed to the Spirit of Progress. Oh, ye shades of all the crabs that ever rearward groped through purling streams and comely mire, and have we come to this? Aye, it is even so. The wiseacres are all progressing—crabwise.

Now, we honestly admit that we can admire the man who is *firmly convinced* of a truth, and clings to it tenaciously, because he *feels certain* it is the truth; but we, decidedly, have no sympathies in common with the creature who, through lack of moral courage, follows up his grandfather's way of thinking, not minding whether or not the poor man's way of thinking was the right one.

If a man is in error and he knows it, the honest and only straightforward course for him to pursue is to correct his error, regardless of that miserable human respect which is constantly undermining the morals of the community. This is plain common sense, and the man who would echo the contrary is hardly worthy of consideration.

#### CATHOLICITY versus PROTESTANTISM.

It is strange, and ought to be striking to an intelligent mind, that if you gather together, on the one hand, all the truths that the sects of Protestantism affirm, you have nearly the whole body of the truth that the Catholic Church teaches; if you gather together, on the other hand, all that the Protestant sects deny, there is not a word of truth in Christianity. Is not this a philosophical proof that Catholicity is Christianity in its entirety, and that the Catholic Church alone is the embodiment of that Ideal to which the Christian soul aspires?

ALL through Holy Week, H. C. Bateman, Catholic Book-seller, 203 Kearny Street, corner of Sutter, displayed in his store a magnificent stock of fine Vestments, Church Ornaments, Holy Bibles, Prayer Books, and a fine stock of new books.

#### Literary Reviews.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA. By W. Gleeson, M. A., Professor St. Mary's College, San Francisco, California.

The Rev. Father Gleason has written a book, for which not alone the Catholics of California must feel grateful, but also those, too, who are interested in the general history of the country from its earliest colonization to the present period; because the author, in treating ecclesiastical matters, has necessarily treated of passing events as they came along, in connection, of course, with subjects appertaining to the Catholic Church. Thus, when missions are spoken of, there is also mention made of the various reports of the missionaries relative to the condition of the different districts in which they happened to be located. And so, all through the work, there is a certain connection kept up between the secular and ecclesiastical history of the country. The author brings the reader back to the time before ever the chant of Gregory broke in upon Pagan ears; ere the untutored savage—startled into awe by the Christian anthems—bowed his head in reverence before the emblem of man's redemption.

The interest awakened at first is fully kept up throughout the entire of this church history, because it is written in a vigorous, yet graceful style—the author carefully avoiding the dull prose of the mere annalist, on the one hand, and the flippancy of the sensation scribe, on the other. His thoughtful inquiry into past events, and his skillful mode of putting them before the public, prove that he wields a facile pen, and that he fills the role of historian with ability. The extreme caution and judgment that he exercises in dealing with the subject-matter under consideration are clearly manifest in almost every portion of the work. We noticed this, whether we went with him in spirit amongst

#### THE SWARTHY ABORIGINES

of San Miguel, or followed him through the historic Mission grounds of Dolores and Santa Clara. His account, in the commencement, of the strange Indian race, and the conjectures that suggest themselves to the mind in connection with their antecedents, create a craving to know still more about them, and that craving is, to some extent, satisfied by the plausible data he subsequently gives to show that his statements regarding the aborigines of California are correct—their manners and customs; their peculiar ideas on matters pertaining to religious belief; their traditions, some of which so nearly correspond with ours; their notions concerning the Resurrection, the deluge and the immortality of the soul; their strange manner of worship; their storied wigwams; their weird orgies and their war-dances, all are graphically described, the description being interspersed with quotations taken from the sayings of their deity, Chinighchinigh, which singularly agree at least, in substance, with the doctrine of Christians, on certain matters. It is worth while to give some of them. On one occasion Chinighchinigh says: "As the moon dieth and cometh to life again, so we, also, having to die, will live again!" Again; "Do this, i. e. cause it to rain and inundate the earth, that *every being may be destroyed!*" And still again, one of a tribe says: "We are not afraid, because Chinighchinigh does not wish, *neither will he destroy the world by another inundation!*" What a marvelous people! What

#### A TRUTHFUL THEME

for the historian to comment upon, and we feel fully justified in saying that Father Gleason is, indeed, master of this theme. He exhibits an extraordinary degree of discernment in compiling his book, and never indulges in the fanciful, but always brings a well-balanced judgment to bear upon the evidence before him in relation to the groundwork of his history. That portion concerning the influence of the early Catholic Missionaries on the Indians, he treats remarkably well. He shows how the pale Franciscan, with unflinching firmness, followed the Red Man through his native haunts, subdued his fierce spirit, brought him to bend the knee before the cross, and, from a scowling avage, converted him into a meek disciple of the Holy One. Thus, what the sword could never accomplish, the good Fathers practically effected by gentle treatment and by honest dealings with those untutored savages, first putting carefully into execution the doctrines they inculcated by word of mouth. It is in vain the venomous tongue of slander may ever try to asperse the fair fame of the Spanish priests. They did their duty nobly, as did the fathers of other nationalities as well. "By their works you shall know them." Our young historian mastered this part of his subject admirably, for the most part. However, we are inclined to think that there was room for an able defense of the Mission system, which we failed to notice; for there are many to be found who assail the system on principle. There also are some local items at the close, in connection with San Francisco matters, which appear to be below the dignity of a standard history.

To a person perusing these pages, it will appear surprising that such an immense amount of reading matter as they contain should have so long remained unrecorded, or, if recorded at all, merely taken up in dissected fragments, written after the hurried manner and somewhat the same style as guidebooks. But here the reader has not alone the history of the Church in California, together with the history of passing events immediately and remotely connected with the Church's history, but also, he has the historian's views, given after arduous study concerning the apparent connection between the different races of men. The customs, for instance, of the ancient Celtic race are compared with the customs of that strange race encountered by the historian amongst the Mexican forests, and in Lower California, and who ranged those hills before Columbus ever set foot on the land of the West. The learning of antiquarians is brought into requisition, also, to prove, from the peculiar construction of tumuli and moates, mounds and forts, that the civilization of the ancient Americans and the ancient Celts must have been the same. The similarity between the Tuatha De Danaan works, in Ireland, and old American remains is also adduced as a sign that there was a communication formerly between the two countries. At all events, these facts afford food for thought, and they are treated with marked discernment. What will probably most interest Catholics, however, is

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH.

The following extract is worthy of special notice, as showing how religion has prospered, in recent years, on this coast, since "the days of gold" "The number then (twenty-one years since) belonging to the Church was, probably, between fifteen and twenty thousand, whereas now, for the three dioceses, the official returns show a Catholic population of one hundred and sixty thousand. At that period, too, the entire number of churches could not be more than twenty-five or thirty; at present, independent of conventional and collegiate establishments, there are one hundred and sixty-five. The same proportionate increase is observable in the ranks of the regular and secular clergy. In 1850, Dr. Alemany found himself at the head of ten or fifteen priests; to-day, within the limits of the arch-diocese, the entire number subject to his Grace, amounts to over one hundred, while, in the two suffragan dioceses, there are sixty or more. Equally, if not more remarkable still, has been the growth of the religious establishments. Twenty years ago, not a single female community was in the country; now there are twenty. Within the same period, seven religious communities for males have been established. The actual progress then made by the Catholic Church, in California, within the last twenty years, may be represented thus:

	In 1850,	In 1871
Catholic population, . . . . .	15,000	160,000
Bishoprics, . . . . .	1	3
Priests, . . . . .	15	170
Churches, . . . . .	24	165
Convents and Academies, . . . . .	0	13
Colleges, . . . . .	1	5
Hospitals, . . . . .	0	4
Orphanages, . . . . .	0	7

THE OWL.—We are indebted to the talented editors for the April number of this ably conducted and interesting little magazine, published at Santa Clara College, by the students of the Senior classes. It would be useless for us to attempt anything like praises in its behalf after the many deserved compliments the *Owl* has received from the entire press of our State, and we can but add our mite in concurring in all good that has been said of it, and wish it, in the future, that continued prosperity it has known in the past. *Idle Notist* asks some very pertinent questions of the second rhetorics students as to why they do not contribute more liberally to the columns of the *Owl*, and we would simply say it would be well for those young gentlemen who desire to improve themselves in the art of composition to heed the suggestions made by *Idle Notist*. For the flattering manner in which our visit was mentioned in the *Editor's Table*, the *Owl* has our kindest acknowledgements.

THE APPARITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, AT LA SATELLE. Translated from the French. San Francisco: H. L. Bateman, 203 Kearny St., Cor. Sutter.

The devotion to our Blessed Lady of La Satelle has been authorized by the Bishop of Grenoble, in whose diocese the apparition took place, and blessed by his Holiness, Pope Pius IX. In 1871, the number of confraternities affiliated to the arch-confraternity of Our Lady of La Satelle, amounted to over four hundred, in France, Italy, Spain, England, Holland and Belgium. In Rome, indeed, the veneration of Our Lady of La Satelle is now publicly established. An interesting account of the Apparition, which occurred on Saturday, Sept. 19th, 1846, the eve of the Feast of the Seven Doctors, will be found in the brochure before us. Its publication reflects great credit upon Mr. Bateman's well-known enterprise.

## THE ENGLISH "REFORMATION."

CRUELTY OF THE REFORMERS—A ROYAL PAGEANT—  
A HIDEOUS HISTORY.

In this age, when diligent searchers are carefully investigating the historical records of former times, and from them are re-writing much of the story of the past, it is well to have the momentous period of the English Reformation treated anew, with all the added lights that can now be cast upon the time, by so careful an inquirer and so fair-minded and candid a writer as the author of the volumes before us. The time with which Mr. Burke's work is conversant was one of strong lights and shadows; the "men and women" of whom he writes were, in most cases, persons of strongly-marked good or evil qualities, and his subject, consequently, not only afforded him opportunities, but presented him with many temptations to the use of vehement or highly-colored language; yet we find in his work no gusts of passion, no unmeasured panegyric or fierce invective, no laborious endeavor, by mere force and skill of writing, to brighten up one character or blacken another. Some of our modern writers who have engaged in similar work accomplish it in a very different spirit, exhibiting not the impartiality of the historian, but the zeal of the advocate. In this way the life of Cromwell has been re-written and his character patched, painted and gilt, so that not a single dark spot might be seen in the

## FANCY PICTURE.

Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth have been similarly treated, and, on the other hand, Queen Mary of England and Mary Queen of Scots have been tarred all over by the same artists. Of such heated and unscrupulous partisanship there is no trace in Mr. Burke's work. He collects and arranges his facts, states them lucidly, and lays them before the public in just such a tone and temper as befit a judge who is summing up a trial and delivering a charge to the jury. A terrible and painful chapter of history that of the English "Reformation" assuredly is, no matter how calmly it may be told. The brain reels and the flesh creeps as one reads of the immoralities and the cruelties of the so-called Reformers, of the baseness of their motives and the infamous nature of their acts.

## PLUNDER AND MURDER.

Were everywhere the order of the day; the fires of persecution glowed brightly, the headsman's axe was in continual requisition. Day after day the king was sending people to the block for denying some points of Catholic doctrine and for not denying others. To recognize the spiritual supremacy of the Pope was a deadly offense in his eyes, and to deny the doctrine of transubstantiation was another. He would not for a moment regard himself, or have any one else to regard him, as anything else than a sound Catholic; yet he—slave of passion and vice as he was—would fain have himself acknowledged as spiritual head of the Church within his own dominions. Around him he had many "Catholics" as base and as wicked as himself; once he began to bribe them with the plunder of the religious houses, their number increased rapidly, and their faith was soon sacrificed utterly to the advancement of their fortunes. The conduct of those

## NOMINAL CATHOLICS.

Clerical and lay, who abetted the King in his wicked designs is not glossed over by Mr. Burke, but is dealt with in the spirit of candor which characterizes his whole work. As we are hearing so much just now of a royal pageant in London, the following extract, descriptive of the progress of Henry's second "wife" through the city, in May, 1533, may not be without interest for the reader:

"On the 19th of May, Anna Boleyn 'came by water' from Greenwich to the tower. The river Thames was studded with boats of all sizes, and the most fantastic decorations; the Lord Mayor, the Corporation, the Nobles, the Knights and the Esquires were seated in their stately barges,

## WITH GOLDEN BANNERS.

Waving in the gentle May-day breeze." The motley crowd of sight-seers lined the shore, and every available spot. Anna Boleyn was seated in a golden barge, preceded at a short distance by the Lord Mayor. Just before the barge went a "foyst or waft," full of ordnance, in which was a dragon continually moving and casting wildfire; round the foyst stood "some terrible monsters in appearance, and wild men casting up fire of various colors and producing a strange noise." The cannon of the Tower "kept up a brisk roar;" the ships in the river were decorated and had fireworks on board; trumpeters were placed in the respective barges, and every five minutes sent forth a flourish which was received with acclamations.

Only a few days before this display, the King had been "divorced" by Cranmer from his lawful and exemplary wife. And the newly-married lady, who was the chief figure in this great demonstration was, at the time, in a condition which made her appearance a scandal to all virtuous people.

Nevertheless, an English mob, consisting of the highest as well as the lowest in the land, turned out to do her homage.

## MORAL CHARACTER.

has never appeared to weigh a feather with the English people, in such matters. A grand procession through the streets took place shortly after the aquatic display above mentioned: After residing a few days at the Tower, Queen Anna paid the accustomed visit to the city, before her coronation. On the 31st of May, the city of London presented a scene of wealth and magnificence which amazed the foreign spectators. The houses in Cornhill and Gracechurch Street were decorated, in front, with scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry. Cheap-side was draped in cloth of gold, tissue and velvet. The Sheriffs of London and the corporation rode on horseback, in rich trappings; the windows were filled with youth and beauty; the footpaths were railed off the line of procession to enable the people, the apprentices and the Guilds to behold their Queen. A fresh discharge of cannon from the Tower and a renewed

## FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS

announced to the anxious crowds that the observed of all observers was now approaching. Amongst the diplomatic representatives, then in England, those of Venice and France took part in the proceedings of the day. The French Ambassador's train formed the van in the procession. First came twelve French Knights in surcoats of blue velvet, with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on the hangings; then a large number of English gentlemen, riding two-and-two; the Knights of the Bath, in gowns of violet; some Lord Abbots of England appeared there, wearing mitres glittering with diamonds, and gorgeous robes, and were an object of general attraction, inviting subsequent confiscation; the barons were attired in crimson velvet, riding two-and-two; the bishops and their attendants in their usual stately style; dukes, marquises and other notables, rode two-and-two; trumpeters preceded each order of persons; Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor of England, rode alone—solemn, reserved and unnoticed; the Venetian Ambassador and his quaint-looking train elicited much remark, and excited the mirth of the multitude; the Archbishop of York, whose presence only called up the memory of Woolsey's

## REGAL SPLENDOR.

in that office, passed along; next approached the notable prelate who labored so long and so earnestly to promote the object of that day's pageant—Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury—who looked far more pleased and satisfied with the scene before him than did the Church dignitaries who accompanied him, bearing crosses, etc. The Lord Mayor of London, the Knights of the Garter, Charles, Duke of Suffolk, and other courtiers, followed. A fresh flourish of trumpets announced the approach of her Highness,

## QUEEN ANNA.

She was seated in a white chariot, led by two paleys in white damask, which swept the ground; a golden canopy borne above it, "making music with its sweet little silver bells." "The Queen," says a contemporary, "smiled like an angel; she was dressed in white tissue robes, her fair, rich hair flowing loosely over her shoulders; her temples circled with a coronet of gold and diamonds; she looked the loveliest of beings at this exciting moment." Whilst the giddy crowd revelled in a wild and unnatural enthusiasm, the past seemed to have been forgotten. Was there no recollection for Campeggio's procession, and the "virtuous indignation" for the wrongs of the royal Castilian lady who was at that moment in a distant village of England, broken-hearted and weary of life? Principle, charity,

## HONOR AND CHIVALRY.

seemed forgotten on that memorable 31st of May. Three years afterward the fair head of Anna Boleyn was placed on the block and, by one stroke of the headsman's sword, severed from her body. The London crowd would, next day, have given a triumphal procession to Henry's next wife if they had been asked to do so. Henry dispensed with that proceeding, but he lost no time about the marriage. The blood of the unfortunate Queen was yet wet on the planks of

## THE SCAFFOLD

when the marriage ceremony between the King and Jane Seymour was performed. Of this event Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," says:

"Yes, four-and-twenty hours had not elapsed since the sword was reddened with the blood of her mistress, when Jane Seymour became the bride of Henry! And let it be remembered that a royal marriage could not have been celebrated without previous preparation, which must have proceeded simultaneously with the heart-rending events of Anna Boleyn's last

## AGONIZING HOURS.

The wedding-cakes must have been baking, the wedding-clothes preparing, while the life-blood was yet running warm in the veins of the victim, whose place was to be rendered vacant by a violent death." We need not follow out the further list of Henry's wives, or the hideous history of his life. Neither need we do more than refer to the more terrible record of the reign of his daughter, Queen Elizabeth. All who desire to see the subject fairly treated, the truth carefully sifted out, and the abundant errors of partisan English writers on this subject refuted, cannot do better than consult Mr. Burke's admirable work. The series is not yet completed, and we shall be glad to hear of the publication of the forthcoming portions. We may add that, as regards paper, type and binding, the volumes before us have been admirably put out of hands by the publishers.—*The Dublin Nation.*

## ↔ ↔ ↔

**THE CURSE OF WEALTH.**—Wealth has its blessings, but it is, nevertheless, often a curse. Robert Dale gave us a warning when he said, "I committed errors in my youth, and dearly have I embittered my life, through having only ambition to live at my ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition." I said to myself, "I have all that I see others contending for—why should I struggle?" I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel sometimes as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man." Moderate wealth is a help to an energetic young man, but great possessions would ruin any sluggard or ease-loving one. As a contrast to the above case, take one given in a readable article in *Merry's Museum*—that of the great scientific man Faraday, who began life as an errand-boy at a bookseller's shop in London, and had to take out the newspapers to customers. In his spare time, instead of playing at eggs-in-a-bush by himself, he would take down a book and read, "When an apprentice," he says, "I loved to read the scientific books under my hands, and I made such simple experiments in chemistry as could be defrayed in their expense for a few pence per week, and also constructed an electrical machine, first with a glass phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder, as well as other electrical apparatus of a corresponding kind." He told a friend that Watt's "On the Mind" first made him think, and that his attention was turned to science by the article "Electricity" in an *Encyclopædia* he was employed to bind. And so, by steady industry and the right use of his wits, the newspaper boy rose higher and higher, until he received, unsought, almost every honor which every republic of science throughout the world could give. Make a note of this, boys, and think whether you are going the right way to work in your life mission; and think also, fathers, whether you cannot do more good and less harm with your immense fortunes than by using them to swamp the future prospects of your sons.

## ↔ ↔ ↔

**A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.**—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away in the nighthalf of age, and the past becomes deeper and deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look into the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, then the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while many dark spots we passed through grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, the vibrations of which are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of life.

## ↔ ↔ ↔

**WHAT A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAY DO.**—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you where newspapers are plenty. Nobody who has been without these silent, private tutors, can know their educative power. How important, then, to secure those which tend only to good! Anything which makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should be regarded, when we consider its influence on the mind of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.

## ↔ ↔ ↔

**TO BE MARRIED.**—The marriage of the Marquis of Bute to the daughter of Lord Edward George Howard is announced to take place soon.

## Wise and Otherwise.

Suicides and murders are of every-day occurrence in the United States.

The fish trade of New England amounts to forty million dollars per year.

There are now one million books in the Library of the British Museum.

Tit for tat—It is beauty's privilege to kill time; and, in revenge, Time kills beauty.

The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind.

The annual profits of this country, arising from all its industries, are estimated at \$1,000,000,000.

He permits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

If two prize-fighters attend church together, might it not properly be termed a new phase of *pew-gism*?

Sailors' wages are contained in such small pocket-books that they are thought to be only port-moneys.

A good drain on a farm—Heavy mortgage at ten per cent. will drain it about as rapidly as any thing.

In Manilla 25,000 women and girls work at cigar making for the munificent wages of seven cents a day. Eight of the United States Senators were born in the Empire State, and twenty-two are natives of New England.

Nearly all the telegraph offices in England are in charge of women. Female labor has found this a new and profitable field.

Judge Jamison, of the Superior Court of Illinois, sitting in Chicago, has decided against the right of women to vote in that State.

An exchange wants to know, since *w-o-r-k* is pronounced *wirk*, why *p-o-r-k* is not pronounced *pirk*? These questions are very irksome.

South Africa is not generally considered a healthy region; but some of the newly arrived diamond-hunters are picking up wonderfully.

Smart young school-ma'ams, entirely without the aid of a sewing-machine, frequently collar and cuff small boys in less than thirty seconds.

Persons should be careful not to use their eyes to read or write, or in any equivalent exertion, by dim day-light. Don't do it unless you wish to ruin your eyesight.

Flirtation has become a science with our young people of the present day, and a girl of twelve knows fully as much as her mother, and goes into society fully as often.

An old lady, walking with her two grown daughters on a moonlight night, displayed her knowledge of astronomy by pointing heavenward and exclaiming, "Oh, my dears, do look at them beautiful stars, Juniper and March!"

In Massachusetts there are 529,544 native white males and 561,299 females; 167,381 foreign white males and 184,932 females; 6,216 native colored males and 6,794 females, and 341 foreign colored males and 451 females.

A man in New York who manufactures artificial feathers and feathers, has received a sixteen thousand dollar machine from France, which, it is claimed, is so arranged as to turn out flowers of every kind, and do the work of 500 girls.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and put it in writing, if of importance. Never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles." It has proved an annoyance to many men, and oftentimes led to extensive litigation.

The supply of india-rubber is said to be inexhaustible. Each tree can be tapped for twenty successive years, and yields on an average three tablespoonsfuls a day. 43,000 of these trees have been counted on a tract of land thirty miles long by eight wide.

A person in public company, accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, that "It ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth."

The cotton manufacture of Fall River, Mass., is expanding at an unprecedented rate. New capital to the amount of about sixteen millions of dollars has been invested, and twenty new mills either have been or shortly will be added to the productive power of that enterprising city.

**PROVED IT.**—A Western candidate for the Legislature, upon retiring from the contest, was asked why he did so, and replied: "Why, they charged me with hog-stealing." "Did n't you deny it?" was the query. "Yes, indeed, I did," replied the discomfited candidate; "but, confound them, they proved it on me."

H. W. Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" is claimed to be plagiarized from a poem written by a gifted lady named Eleanor C. Donnelly, a resident of Philadelphia. Miss Donnelly's version was entitled, "The Vision of the Monk Gabriel," and was published some three years ago in the *Continental*, a magazine which has since been suspended.

It is a noteworthy fact according to the report, for the past year, of the Propagation of the Faith, we find that out of 177,520f. 63c. contributed by the British Islands, ever-faithful Ireland contributed over 130,000f., or nearly three-fourths of the whole amount, and of this the diocese of Dublin alone gave 59,217f. 55c., or about one-third the amount contributed in the whole British Empire.

The bright spots in a man's life are few enough, without blotting many out; and since, for a moment of mirth, we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illuminate our chequered existence. Life is an April day—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit, were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility, and the fruit would be worthless but for the sunshine of smiles.

It is easy, no doubt, to journey alone in the broad sunshine and on the beaten highways of our lot; but over the midnight plain, and beneath the still immensity of darkness, the traveler seeks some fellowship for his wanderings. And what is religion, but the midnight hemisphere of life, whose vault is filled with the silence of God, and whose everlasting stars, if giving no clear light, yet fill the soul with dreams of immeasurable glory?

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Under the management of the Fathers  
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The Santa Clara College was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated, with the privileges of a University. Diplomas are given in two departments—the Classic and Scientific.

The College buildings are large and commodious, while extensive play-grounds, with two covered gymnasiums, a swimming-pond, etc., afford every facility for healthful exercise.

The College possesses a very complete philosophical apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has also practical schools of Telegraphy, Photography and Surveying. Assaying of native ores is taught in a thoroughly fitted chemical laboratory.

The scholastic year, which is divided into two sessions of five months each, commences in August, and closes toward the beginning of June.

## TERMS,

Payable semi-annually in advance:  
Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once.....\$15.00

Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and  
Mending of Linen, School Stationery, Medical Attendance and Medicines, Baths, Fuel, Light, per year.....350.00

Modern Languages, Drawing and Music form extra charges. For Clothing, Books, Pocket-money, and the like, no advance is made by the Institution. For further particulars, apply to

**REV. A. Varsi, S. J., President.**

**FRANCISCAN COLLEGE,**  
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

THE FIFTH SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Francis, will commence on August 16.

The object of this institution is to give a good English, Mathematical, Classical and Philosophical Education at the lowest possible cost—a want long felt in California—and thereby bring its advantages within the reach of all.

## TERMS:

Entrance Fee, to be paid but once.....\$15.00  
Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten and a half months.....150.00

Music, French and German form extra charges. Those who spend their vacation at the College will be charged \$30.

Payments must be made semi-annually in advance.

Parents will pay for medical attendance, and supply toilet articles, etc.

Money will not be advanced by the College; for the purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be deposited.

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## BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY have just completed a commodious School Building on First Street, near Bryant, where girls will be taught the various branches of an English education.

A Boys' School is being prepared on Rincon Place, and will be placed in charge of competent teachers.

Both Schools will be opened on the 12th of June, 1871.

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**Educational.**

**ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,**  
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This Institution, chartered according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer Degrees, is situated in the City of Los Angeles, proverbial for the salubrity of its climate and the beauty of its scenery. The Faculty is composed of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission of St. Vincent De Paul, who devote themselves to promote the health and happiness, as well as the intellectual and moral advancement of the students entrusted to their care.

The College is open to all over the age of ten years, who are competent to enter the primary course, and who come with respectable recommendations, provided they comply with the rules and discipline of the College, which, though strict, are nevertheless mild and parental.

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The course of studies embraces a full course of English and Classical Literature, the various branches of Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Languages; and also, a Commercial Department, to prepare young men for every branch of business.

## TERMS:

For Board, Lodging and Tuition, per Scholastic Year.....\$250.00
Washing, per Scholastic Year.....30.00
Piano and use of Instrument, per Month.....8.00
Violin, Guitar, Flute, etc., each, per month.....6.00
Vacation at the College.....40.00

Those who learn to play on one of the above named instruments will have the privilege of using a brass instrument free of charge, otherwise there will be a charge of \$3 per month.

For further information, apply to

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**ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.**

This Institution is situated in Santa Barbara, a short distance from the sea, in the most delightful and healthy part of the city. The grounds are extensive, and the building is large and convenient.

The course of instruction embraces the usual branches of a thorough English education. Spanish is also taught.

## TERMS:

Invariably half-yearly in advance:
Board, Tuition, Bed, Bedding, Washing, etc., per annum.....\$200.00
Piano and use of Instrument, per month, \$6.50.....68.00
Guitar, per month, \$5.....52.50

No extra charge for Plain Sewing, Fancy Needle-work, etc.

The Scholastic Year of ten months and a half commences August 16th, and terminates on the last Thursday of June.

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While proper care is bestowed on every branch in the College, our own language receives special attention. The daily exercises of the Students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,  
Payable half-yearly in advance:

Board, Tuition and Washing.....\$250.00
Entrance Fee.....10.00
Physician's Fee and Medicines.....5.00
Vacation at College.....40.00
Day Students.....60.00

Modern Languages, Music, and Drawing form extra charges.

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**YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.**

This institution, which is incorporated according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer academical honors, will commence the Twenty-first Annual Session on Monday, August, 21st, 1871. The course of instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough education.

## TERMS:

Entrance, to be paid but once.....\$15.00
Board and Tuition, per quarter.....62.00
Washing, per quarter.....12.00
Physicians' Fees, per quarter.....2.50

Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, form extra charges, but there is no extra charge for the French, Spanish, or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing and Fancy Needle-work.

Payments are required to be made half a session in advance. Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening of the session.

**Educational.**

**ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

This Literary Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, was opened for the reception of students on the 15th October, 1855. It was incorporated, according to the laws of the State, on the 30th of April, 1859, and empowered to confer academical degrees with "such literary honors as are granted by any University in the United States."

The design of the Institution is to give a thorough Classical, Mathematical, and Philosophical education. But besides the Classical, there is also a Commercial Course.

The College is intended for day-scholars only.

The hours of class are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.

Punctual attendance is indispensable. In case of absence or tardiness, a note from the parents or guardians will be required.

Frequent tardiness or absence exposes the offender to the loss of his seat.

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We have this day appointed Messrs.

**SULLIVAN, KELLY & CO.**

of San Francisco, our SOLE AGENTS for the exclusive sale of our 21 oz. and 26 oz. Crystal Sheet Glass, for the Pacific States and Territories.

CHANCE BROTHERS & CO.,

Birmingham, England.

A. WASON. F. J. MORRIS'

**WASON & MORRIS,**

Successors to J. R. KELLY,

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE

House and Sign Painters,

GILDING AND GLAZING,

IMITATIONS OF WOOD AND MARBLE.

Banners, Flags and Military Standards painted to order.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

PAINTS, OILS,

TURPENTINE, VARNISHES,

BRUSHES, GLASS, ETC.,

No. 38 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Two doors below Davis Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

Under the Occidental Hotel,

112 MONTGOMERY STREET,

San Francisco,

At the well-known Jewelry Store of

**ANDERSON & RANDOLPH,**

you can buy

Watches,

Diamonds and

Silverware

Of the Finest Quality, of the Latest Styles,

and at the Lowest Prices.

Watches Repaired.

JAMES ANDERSON,

WM. C. RANDOLPH.

**C. MOODY,**

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,

DEALER IN:

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Toilet and Fancy Articles and Perfumery,

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical Use.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

200 and 202 Kearny Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**MURPHY, GRANT & CO.**

Corner of Sansome and Bush Streets.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Are constantly receiving a large variety of

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

COMPRISED

HALF HOSE—Silk, Cotton, and Woolen.

JOUVIN'S KID GLOVES.

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS—Silk, Cotton,

and Merino.

SUSPENDERS, TIES, SCARFS.

UMBRELLAS—Silk and Gingham.

LINEN SHIRTS AND COLLARS.

HANDKERCHIEFS—Silk, Linen, Cotton.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

To which they invite particular attention.

## Advertisements.

**CENTRAL HOTEL,**  
814 and 816 Sansome Street,

Between Broadway and Pacific, SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS NEW, LARGE AND COMMODIOUS

Hotel has been thoroughly renovated by the well-

known proprietor, M. FARRELL, late proprietor of

the Brooklyn House, where he will be happy to receive

his numerous friends and the public in general. Thank-

ful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance

of their patronage.

There is a fire-proof safe in the House, where money

and valuables can be kept at the risk of the proprietor.

The Central House Coach will be at each car depot and

steamboat landing, to convey passengers to the House

free of charge.

Price of board to suit the times.

Parties sending for their friends to the States, or who

expatriate, will please notify MICHAEL FARRELL,

and he will attend to them on their arrival, and forward

them to their friends with due care, and thus save much

trouble.

The strictest attention will be paid to the comfort of

the patrons of this House.

MICHAEL FARRELL, Proprietor.

Leave going East.

Arrive from the East.

Leave going West.

Arrive from the West.

Leave going South.

Arrive from the South.

Leave going North.

Arrive from the North.

## TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

**C. P. R. R.**

March 10, 1872.

## San Francisco and Sacramento.

Leave going East.

Arrive from the East.

Leave going West.

Arrive from the West.

Leave going South.

Arrive from the South.

Leave going North.

Arrive from the North.

## Stockton, Lathrop and Merced.

Leave going South.

Arrive from the South.

Leave going North.

Arrive from the North.

## Sacramento, Colfax, Reno and Ogden.

Leave going East.

Arrive from the East.

Leave going West.

Arrive from the West.

## Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff.

Leave going North.

Arrive from the North.

Leave going South.

Arrive from the South.

## EXPLANATIONS.

For trains running "from" San Francisco, take the

left hand column and read "downwards."

For trains running "toward" San Francisco, take the

right hand column and read "upward."

OAKLAND BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—

7:30 A.M., 12:30 P.M., 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30 and 11:30 A.M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30 and 11:30 A.M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:3